True Blue,

Or, The PRESS GANG.

A favourite *Song*.

AH! where will you hurry my dearest,
Say, say to what clime or what shore
You're tearing from me the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.

Ah! cruel, hard hearted to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms,
Return him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

Be England your rights full restored,
And conquest crown ev'ry decree,
May ye triumph, ye true sons of glory,
But leave my lov'd William with me.

In vain ye insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes,
Ye ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.

Those rocks which his vessel may split on,
My heart fills with a thousand alarms,
To be prest is not due to a Briton,
Whose bosom sweet liberty warms.

Think not of the merciless ocean,
My soul any terror can have,
For as soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.